Same size Loaves that have been

Brown's Bakery

andelino Office

Ho! Good people of Portage County! Do ou want Reliable Insurance? Then go to

E. M. WALLER, who has bought the M. A. King Fire Insurance igency—the largest in the County—and is now riving his entire time to the insurance business Reasonable rates and honest dealing is the OFFICE in Phenix Block, over J. C. CLARK of Dry Goods Store, Ravenna, Ohio.

A KINDLY ANATOMIST.

Prof. Josef Hyrtl's Wonderful and Beauti-

Prof. Josef Hyrtl, one of the famous

natomists of the world, died not long

ago at his country seat near Vienna.

His textbooks have been translated into

every modern tongue. He was celebrat-

ed, also, for his general learning. As a linguist he was especially remarkable. With all the rest, he was extremely popular as a teacher. He hated a lazy student, but had sympathy for all who tried to the rest.

tried to do well. His presence was

especially desired at class examina-

tions, as the young men trusted im-plicitly to his fairness and his kindness

of spirit.
On one occasion another professor,

while examining a candidate for the medical degree, handed him a small bone

"Mr. Candidate, here is a bone. Don't look at it, but tell me, from the feeling of it what kind of a bone it is, whether it belonged to the left or right side of

the body, and whether it was part of a

The poor fellow was greatly embar-rassed. He was about to fall, he felt sure. He cast one look at Prof. Hyrtl, who stirred nervously in his chair and

then sprung to his feet.

"Mr. Candidate," said he, "when you have answered the questions of my dear colleague you will please tell me the

name of the original possessor of the bone and where he lived, including the

The audience laughed, the other pro-fessor was no doubt angry, but the young

Hyrtl was very fond of animals.

gained flesh instead of losing. It was some time before he found out that Prof.

Hyrtl had been keeping them well sup-

orated with orders by almost every

sovereign in Europe. But he could

large fortune, that strangers often gave

him small pieces of money. Such things

always pleased him. He loved to see

evidences of kindness of heart. His own

benefactions were great, and after the

death of his widow his wealth is to en-

Couldn't Say for Certain.

The late metropolitan of Canada, the venerable Bishop Medley, never wearled

of telling the experiences of his early

years of service in that country sparse-

ly populated, rendering the journey from one backswoods settlement to another

The bishop, however, made periodi-

On one occasion a violent storm be-

ing in progress, he was compelled to halt for the night at a log cabin by the

A rough but hearty welcome was ac-corded him by the inhabitants, to whom

ne was unknown. The man of the

house at once busied himself with the

care of the horses, while the woman set

about the preparation of the evening meal. As the bishop sat comfortably

by the fire, his first thoughts were his

mission to that lonely neighborhood.
"My good woman," said he, "are

there any Episcopalians in this vicini-

"I hardly know, sir," she replied, hes-

tatingly, "the men did kill something

under the barn yesterday, but whether

it was one of them things or not, I can not say for certain."—N. Y. Herald.

The Joke Is On Both of Them.

A strange complication was that which ensued the other day when the

following advertisement appeared in a

"Will widow (40) please meet honor-

able gentleman at postoffice at 5 o'clock

Two very conscientious reporters were detailed by respective city editors

to obtain stories of the proceedings.

One was a young woman who compen-sated by ambition what she lacked in ex-

perience and the other was a veteran

newspaper man.

Both took their stations in the postoffice corridor at the appointed hour and
awaited developments. It was not long
before their eyes met. Then at once it

this solitary man was the "honorable

"A novel experience," she murmured.

I will interview him in the guise of a

"Ah, here's the designing widow," thought he, as she approached. "I will keep up the joke."
So they chatted together for nearly

half an hour, each chuckling inwardly and thinking how completely the other

Then they returned to their offices

and she wrote a story of the event. She

told of a young woman who met the "honorable gentleman" and engaged in

conversation. "Finally they parted,"

He published nothing, for he knew

the "honorable gentleman" hadn't ap-

of the huge joke he had perpetrated on

an anxious widow. Both understand

all now and apologetic letters have been

Awareed

Highest Honors-World's Fair.

p. m. to-day. Full particulars."

morning newspaper

passerby so critically.

responsive widow."

had been deluded.

she recited.

cal visits to the most outlying parishes of his diocese in all seasons and in the

an unpleasant not to say dangerous un

dow an asylum for orphans.

most inclement weather.

First and last the professor was dec-

man or a woman."

number of the street."

man was saved.

plied with food.

ful Nature

E. R. TAYLOR

GROCER



VOL. 27, No. 25

Having purchased the interest of the late Col. O. C. Risdon, I will continue the Grocery busness at the old stand, No. 3 Marvin Block, and cordially invite the former patrons of the house and the people of Ravenna and vicinity generally, to call and see me.

I shall endeavor to keep up the reputation of the House for fair dealing, and will keep always on hand a full stock of the best Groceries and Provisions.

N. B.—The books and accounts of the firm of Risdon & Taylor may be found at our store, and all those having accounts with us are urgently requested to call and make settlement at once.

ER TAYLOR

We do not give away, nor can any house afford to give away good staple goods at less than cost But we will give you the closest margin on Fall and Winter Suits and Overcoats left in our stock now, to close, in order to make room for Spring stock. Goods that you at once see are whet you want, and prices that can't be beat anywhere.

PETER FLATH,

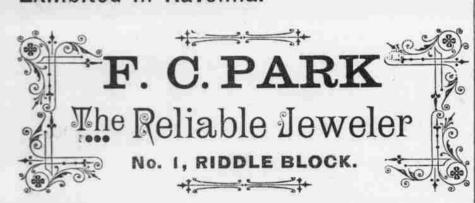
MERCHANT TAILOR, GENTS' FURNISHER,

Ravenna, O.

Competition knocked off its Feet! Prices No Object!

Come where You can Buy Anything in Our Store at Prices that other Dealers Pay for them.

Come and See for Yourselves. Largest and Best Stock of Jewelry Ever Exhibited in Ravenna.



GRAND DISPLAY

It Will PAY You to Visit Our Store

AN1 SEE THE LARGEST LINE OF

FURNITURE, CROCKERY



PLATED WAIRE &C.

To be found in one house in the State.

Our Prices are Below Competition!

Our New Upholstered Rockers are Dandies, FROM \$2.50 UP.

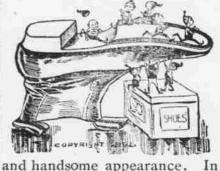
AND LOWEST PRICES.

Our Bargains in Lamps you should not let pass asm or something stronger. He knew they were young men by the tone of their voices, although he had not taken

Our UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT IS IN CHARGE OF A. B. FAIRCHILD. Which is a Guarantee that it will be well done.

> W. A. JENKINS & CO. No. 8, Phenix Block.

On the Track of a Good Shoe.



If you are looking for a cheap and excellent article of footwear, this is the shoe of shoes, a shoe that will give you fits for both feet and never will give you a moments discomfort. What especially recommends this shoe to public favor is its durability and handsome appearance. In getting it you are not only on the right track but on an exceedingly pleasant one to travel.

A FULL LINE OF WINTER FOOTWEAR.

Expert Foot Fitters,

Smith and Brigham.

"I returned to the scene and studied

every square inch of the ground, or rather the brick sidewalk. Brick side-

walks are a good deal like dead men

themselves, however-they tell few

tales-and for a time I was totally with-

out anything resembling a clew.
"I had almost given up my search in

despair when I came across a small bow

of bright crimson ribbon that was lying

in the gutter among a lot of rubbish not

far from the spot where the deed had

"It was badly soiled, having evidently been trampled underfoot in a scuffle,

and while I was unable to invest it with

any special significance at the time I

put it in my pocket along with a half-burned cigarette I discovered about the

same time, and went home to do a lit-

a rather dubious clew, considering the

circumstances, and a half-burned ciga-

"I have a curious faculty of being

able to think more quickly and clearly

when I have a pen or pencil in my

hand, just as some writers can map out

plots and incidents best when similarly

equipped, and so I sat down with a pad

in front of me and began to systematic-

ally go over all I had seen and heard,

making a note or a diagram here or there and being wonderfully assisted

by a female at all it must have adorned

about the person of a woman, either in

"'This is unimportant, however,' said

I to myself after revolving the matter

in my mind, for it might really have been dropped by a little girl in the day-

"Yet I could not dismiss the matter

wholly from my mind. Having reached

the end of my theory building for the

present, I mechanically took up the

morning paper, partly as a duty I owed

myself and my country as a good citi-

zen and partly to get a moment's res-

feat of the Yale baseball team by Harv-

thought about it by the sporting world.

a baseball crank myself, but probably

the victory had been with the crimson.

"Like a flash the red bow of ribbon

"The boisterous men whom the hard-

his coat, and here it was now in my

but to find out just what particular

party had struck off through this sec-

tion of the town, and the fact that there

were more than two in the crowd made

the ultimate discovery of their identity

"My conclusions proved to be exactly

right, for half a day's work put in be-

tween the spot where the deed was com-

mitted and Craigie's bridge resulted in a complete description of all the mem-

bers of the party-they were four in

number-and the exact identity of one

barkeeper whom I knew that every one

of the four had a crimson bow in his

arrest was made in the yard, and I can tell you it was a dramatic one. I would

give you the details, but I am due on

"But the murderer?" I said. "What

the next block in just three minutes."

\$50 and costs. The judge came pretty

near sending him to the island without

"Fined \$50 for an atrocious, cold-

blooded deed like that!" I gasped. "You

was done with him?"

the option of a fine.

F. Anderson in Boston Globe.

must be crazy.

buttonhole when he left his place.

"Furthermore, I discovered through a

their own peculiar Harvard style.

"One of the first things my eye fell

her hair or upon her garments.

time, perhaps from her doll.'

pite from my thoughts.

"With the crimson!

over the defeat of the hated

Cambridge the night before.

"The hated blue!

dessed in a blue suit.

before me in a flash.

the second color.

almost certain.

rette was even more so.

by the operation

had done the deed.

been committed.

Our Castle in Spain.

The street's bleak and long, and the rain's blowing cold: They eye me with pity, grown weary and They fancy I'm out in the wind and the Ah, no! I'm at home in our Castle in Spain. In the glow of the firelight you stand by me there,
It flickers and plays on your shadowy hair!
Outside in the city I seek you in vain,
But still you are found in our Castle in
Snata.

I hear not the roar of the traffic; I hear Your accent so low, and so strange, and so clear, The voice that could bid one forever remain With you in your Castle, our Castle in Spain. That Castle's so fair, so enchanted the ground,
That springtime abides in M all the year round;
There leaves never wither, as hopes never wane;
The lime-trees aye bloom by our Castle in Spain. "A piece of ribbon, which might have come there in 100 different ways, made

Yet the wind that blow o'er it the whole earth renew, And the stream 'neath its ramparts has flowed the world thro'; And I read in your eyes a love deeper than

Love stronger than Death, in our Castle in Spain! Wherever you wander, ah, you I love best!
When you from our refuge realities wrest,
I wonder if you are as glad to regain
Our fortress, our haven, our Castle in Spain!
—Longman's Magazine.

THE CRIMSON BOW.

"I see," said my friend, the state inspector, as he lazily stood on the corner and followed with his restless eyes the two bank clerks who were carrying a heavy load of currency to the clearinghouse, "I see that it's quite the fad nowadays to fill up the papers and magazines with detective stories. I suppose this here Sherlock Holmes fellow is responsible for it."

"Well," he continued as the bank clerks disappeared within the entrance to the clearing-house, "I have read some of these stories, and I think I could tell a few myself that would go them one better. I have one in mind now that would interest you, and a local one at that, but I've got to meet my partner around on Milk street in twenty minutes, and I don't believe I ought to start

I insisted that he should, however, and he rather reluctantly, as I thought,

began to tell the tale.
"The story I am about to tell you," said he impressively, "concerns one of the most interesting and mysterious cases that ever came under my observation, and goes to prove, among other things, that even a first-class college education will sometimes fail to restrain a man's criminal propensities. In fact, I sometimes think it has a tendency to augment them.

"But I'm not talking to you about the philosophy of crime. I'm going to tell you about the commission of it. "One evening in the summer of 1882, shortly before 9 o'clock, two men, walking through one of the side streets of the west end of Boston, stumbled over the prostrate form of a man. It was lying on the dark sidewalk a little distance from a couple of small stores, which furnished about the only light to the street, the electric service being

only in its inception about that time. "A hasty examination on the part of the two startled pedestrians discovered that the body had been subjected to the most horrible mutilation. A terrible gash had been made in the side of the head, evidently with a sharp hatchet. One of the arms was chopped clean off, and various other mutilations had been made by the fiendish assailants. "How such a dreadful deed could

have been committed in a thickly settled neighborhood within a stone's throw of two open stores without instant discovery was something the two men could not understand. "I was connected with the Joy street station at that time—and, by the way, I never could understand why they didn't either change the name of that street or move the station-house off of

it—and, being a special officer, I was assigned to work up the case. "I had mighty little to work on when I started, but when I got through I felt that I was farther along toward promotion than I was when I first began. "Even the very victim of the crime was useless in the way of furnishing a

clew. The body was neatly attired in a new suit of rather pronounced blue, but there was an utter absence of watch, cards, letters, or anything else upon which identification might be based. "I wasted no time in trying to idenify the victim, but gave my first attention to looking around for a motive and an assailant. This may strike you as apparently reversing the usual process of unraveling a crime of this sort, but I

had my reasons for doing it, as will ap-"My first discovery was the ax with which the deed had been accomplished.
This really helped me very little, however, for I was not long in finding that it had been taken from in front of the farthest of the two little stores. The instrument was what is known as a proadax, and had been taken from a

ease in front of the store, where a lot of other tools were displayed for sale.
"The other store, I should have remarked, was one of those furnishing stores so common in the west and north ends of the city. Strange to say, the proprietor of neither saw the theft of the ax nor heard anything of what had

happened so near them. From the hardware dealer, however, I did elicit the information that he had heard, probably about ten minutes be-In CROCKERY Finest Line ever shown fore the two men had made their sensational discovery, a party of young men pass the door, evidently full of enthusienough interest in them to turn round and look in their direction.

"This news might prove of importance, so I made a mental note of the circumstance. You see, we detectives are a good deal like you newspaper men-we have to study the trifles as well as the manifestly important things, for it is the sum total of the trifles that usually counts in our case.

Curious Oak Tree in Georgia.

RAVENNA, O., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1895

That's exactly where you are when you ask for our in general appearance. Instead of producing the regulation acorn, however, it is annually loaded with peculiar imagine. As a general rule the cup of nstead of being constructed so as to from three to five small ones, the numfrom the ground, the cups on the lower limbs being uniformly fided with three of the tiny acorns. Botanists of national repute have pondered over this sylvan and woodmen in general have visited the wonder and left without even attempting to name the variety of oak to

When they searched the prisoner at the sergeant's desk they found in his ockets three watches, four silk handkerchiefs and two of linen, a copy of the works of Rabelais, a bunch of eigarettes, a small piece of Turkish rhubarb and a wad of greenbacks. "Thim's from some woman's purse,"

said the officer who had made the ar-"How do you know that?" asked the

porter.
"Well, you see," said the officer, who twish at the moast, but a woman do creash thim up in a little bit of a roundukking wahd and drrives thim into her little fool of a purse. Yis, sor, that money do come from the pokkit of some poor faymale that maybe now is errying of her eyes out owver the loss

"Is that so?" asked the reporter of the thief. "Was this money stolen from some woman?" The pickpocket, who was a little vicious specimen of the cockney lag, contracted his monkey face into a hun-

dred wrinkles. "I giss it's Gawd's truth," he snicker-"I nipped the flimsies out of that 'ere weary copper's pocket ven he was harresting me and we vos 'avin' a little bit of rough-and-tumble, doneherknow," -N. Y. Sun.

BUSY DRIVER ANTS. Wonderful Searching Power of these Tiny Scavengers of Nature.

"I tried in a dozen ways to connect All are familiar with the tales of how the supposititious young roysterers, whom nobody had seen and only one man had heard, with the ax, the bow it, driving its inhabitants out in terror, and at last, in a few hours or a day "It was the only thing I could do just two, abandon it cleaner than the at that juncture, and it was the easiest arts of the most orderly housekeeper thing in the world to connect them in could make it, writes Eugene M. Aaron. theory, all except the bow of ribbon, These are not travelers' tales. The most which would hardly be thought of in gifted pen must fail to give an adequate connection with a man, young or old, idea to the uninitiated of just how thoranti, of course, it wasn't a woman who ough and searching these creatures are in ridding a house of every bit of ani-"This led me to figuratively hold the mal or vegetable matter in it.

red ornament up against a feminine background, and I was struck by the of personal experience may help to ilcurious thought that if such a small and lustrate it. peculiarly shaped bow had been worn I had returned from a day's tramp in the hills, laden with trophies in the a very small girl. I certainly could not shape of tropical insects, some of them. remember ever having seen such a one and all of certain value, when I was called out of my house by the cry: "The

driver ants! The driver ants!" Hastily placing most of my collections in glass jars and tin boxes, so as to be out of the reach of the invaders, and gathering such clothes as I would need for a day or two, I made a rather undignified retreat. After I had done so I remembered that I had left some rare beetles pinned in a box that was in the pocket of my collecting coat, but as the coat had been placed in a strong chest, and this chest was heavily scented with aphthalin, or "tar camphor," and the id fitted down very tight, I felt that they were safe.

upon was an article describing the de-The next morning when I went back, ard the day before and what was after a night spent in a hammock in a tamarind tree, I found that of a bunch I was somewhat interested in it, being of bananas, consisting of a thick stem and about 100 of the fruit, there was no trace whatever, save the dangling string more on account of the curious fact that with which it had been hung from the ceiling, and not a vestige of bread, chocolate, coffee, and other eatable odds came to me again. It fairly flaunted and ends could be found on the thorbefore my eyes as I read farther down oughly cleaned shelves on which some the column about the crazy goings on food had been left. Even the cracks be-of some of the Harvard undergraduates tween the floor boards had been cleaned out, the particles of edible matter having been carried away or devoured, and the mere dust left where it could

be easily swept away. "Another electric shock fairly set me This was not so bad, for a good on fire with excitement as I thought of cleaning never hurts a house in the "For the victim of the ax had been tropics, but when I came to examine my chest and found that a hole quite "Here was the whole plot unfolded two inches in diameter had been torn in one end, through an inch board of hard wood, that the box in my coat pocket had also been pierced, and every one of the pins on which my beetles had ware dealer had heard were Harvard students out celebrating the victory in been arranged stood in place as empty "One of them, either druuk or made and clean as when taken out of the patemporarily insane at the blue suit on per, I had a better idea of the thoroughthe unknown victim, had snatched the ness of these wondrous tiny scavengers ax, rushed up to him, and committed of nature than ever before.

the madman's deed that had sent me forth upon the trail. In the scuffle the crimson bow had been detached from wonders of animal life in all its phases.

He Didn't Believe.

A quaint, humor-loving preacher among the early methodists of southern Indiana was one of the name of Jones and at one time a visiting minister filled the appointment with him, when during the sermon an amusing incident occurred, which was enjoyed to its fullest extent by the Rev. Jones. The minister was lamenting the infidelity of the times and, lifting his hands in holy horror, exclaimed:

"Why, brethren, there are men in these degenerate days who do not believe that Jonah swallowed the whale! But I believe that Jonah swallowed the whale and you believe that Jonah swalowed the whale!

Noticing the half-amused, half-doubtful expression on the faces of his con-"Well, after that it was mere child's gregation be warmed up and, thinking play," said the inspector as he glanced o add a clincher to the assertion turned up nervously at the old statehouse clock. his friend in the pulpit with him: "I had no trouble at all in fastening the "And you believe it also, Brother guilt upon the particular member of the party who had done the cutting. The

Without relaxing a muscle Brother Jones answered solemnly: "No, brother." The jaw of the astonished preacher dropped; he fairly gasped for breath, and finally cried out:

"What! Do you not believe that "The what! Oh, he was arraigned in Jonah swallowed the whale?" court next day, of course. The evidence was conclusive, and he was fined sticking to his transposition. emnity, answered the Rev. Jones. 'I believe that it was the whale that swallowed Jonah."

The blundering minister gazed at him stupidly for a moment, then suddenly grasping the whole situation he joined the congregation in a quiet laugh .-Omaha Bec

"Not at all," replied the inspector suavely as he stepped off the curb. "I forgot to tell you in the first place that the man who was chopped up was a very life-like dummy that had stood in front of the furnishing store. "That doesn't prevent it from being a most excellent woman? Digler-She is, indeed; but I've discovered since that I first-class detective story, however, does it? Just give my regards to Sherlock could have got her in three months if I Holmes when you see him."-Thomas had had the gumption to ask for her.— Detroit Free Press.

DROUGHT IN WYOMING.

Rain had not fallen for some sixty A resident of Augusta, Ga., has an days, and for some sixty more there was oak tree growing upon his place which no necessity that it should fall. It is is not unlike other trees of that species speils of weather like this that set the in general appearance. Instead of producing the regulation acorn, however, it is annually loaded with peculiar formations as unlike the natural production of such traces and production of such traces. duction of such trees as one could gation; but the spells annoy the people who are trying to raise the Eden. We an acorn is as large or larger than a thimble, covering at least half of the acorn proper, but in this case the tiny criticised the desert, that anything would receptacle is not larger than a pea, and grow here-with irrigation; and sometimes he replied, unsympathetically, hold a single nut or kernel, contains from three to five small ones, the number seeming to vary with the distance miles of green crops; and he, if he was thoroughly nasty, would mention that Wyoming contained ninety-five thousand square miles, all waiting for irrioddity, and old settlers, noted hunters gation and Eden. One of these Eastern supercivilized hostiles from New York was breakfasting with the Gov-ernor and me at the Cheyenne Club, which it belongs. St. Louis Republic.

The Sergeant Laughed.

and we were explaining to him the glorious future, the coming empire, of the Western country. Now the Governor was about thirty-two, and until twenty-five had never gone West far enough to see over the top of the Alle-

ghany Mountains. I was not a pioneer myself; and why both of us should have pitied the New-Yorker's narrowness so hard I cannot see. But we did. We spoke to him of the size of the country. We told him that his State could rattle round inside Wyoming's stomach without any inconvenience to Wyoming. and he told us that this was because Wyoming's stomach was empty. Alto-and had travelled in haste all the way roy said: from Bear Creek to Cheyenne expressly to meet him.

"For purposes of amusement," he said. "I'll admit anything you claim for this place. Ranches, cowboys, elk; it's all splendid. Only, as an investment I prefer Delaware and Hudson. Am I to placed the Frenchman's baggage, in-

see any cowboys?"
"You shall," I said; and I distinctly hoped some of them might do something to him "for purposes of amuse-"You fellows come up with me to my

"What's that?" inquired the New-yorker, whom I shall call James Og-lend you my broken ones."

"That is our park," said I. "Of course its merely in embryo. It's won-derful how quickly any shade tree will grow here wi—" I checked myself. But Ogden said "with irrigation" for ne, and I entirely sorry he had come. -Owen Wister, in Harper's Magazine.

THE GERMAN BARBER'S PARROT. Draws the Line at the Marsellialse.

of the curiosities of Chicago. They may described is worth visiting once at least. a good deal speedier.

As nearly as it can be located in this "Why then,' said I, 'don't you get a As nearly as it can be located in this article it is on a narrow street that bicycle? shoots off from Cottage Grove avenue at a point somewhere south of Twentyninth street. The shop contains two chairs, operated by the proprietor and his wife, and a parrot and a nickel-inthe-slot apparatus which is home made. If two customers are in the shop at the other. The shave over, the wife takes urdays.' the customer in hand and gives his hair whatever treatment the customer may desire. A hair cut costs 15 cents, or "a hair cut and shampoo" are given for 25 cents. The parrot contributes to the revenue of the shop, provided the cusomer is liberal.

A nickel-in-the-slot gives the depositor an excruciating imitation of "Ta-ra-ra, Boom-de-ay" by the parrot, the bird receiving its cue from the barber's wife. Ten cents in wakes up the vocal chords of Polly to "Die Wacht am Rhein." the boss of the shop giving the bird the tip by struggling with a bar or two of the German national air.

"Of you pud in zwei bits," (25 cents) said the boss, "dot birt gif you 'Hail Golumbi,' und ven you gif him a biece of someding dot he likes purty vell al-reddy he gif you der 'Sthar Spunglit Banner' rightd away quig."

A recent customer was a little French

man who had nearly caused the Dutchman to have the heart disease by asking nim to wax his mustache. After the operation the Frenchman fell to asking estion about the parrot. "I geefe ze Pollai a dollaire cut in ze wo eef she do ri mi fer me ze 'Marsel-

"Vot's dot!" screamed the Dutchman. "You think dot barrot vos a vot you gall him, dot he sing you dot French 'Yangee Doodle'? Of he wos dot kind of a birt, mein friendt, I vould shop off his tam head off in a minnid. Of you vos ter buy der whole niggle-in-dershlot he vouldn't sing you dot tam noosic. Dot barrot vos un Amerigan sherman barrot, bud you bed yer boddum sweet life he vos not a tam fool." And the German barber lost one cusmer. - Chicago Tribune.

His Wife Knew How to Treat Him. The imagination is probably a more potent factor in our every-day life than most people would be willing to admit, says the N. Y. Herald. The other day a man over on the west side complained to the wife of his bosom of feeling dreadfully sharp shooting pains shoot-ing him between the shoulders and through the chest. She ridiculed him, for he was a man who never gets sick and has no sympathy with complaining

neumonia," said she. "And it would serve you right-staying out every night of your life after 1 o'clock in the "No doubt, but the possibility of being a widow within three days seems to

"I shouldn't wonder if you had

lease you. Don't count your chickens before they are hatched, my dear. I'm not dying yet." "But pneumonia is nearly always she remarked, pleasantly. "Of course, I would give you the regulation

allowance of silver handles, flowers,

etc. I always thought a plain plate with name, dates of birth and death are about the correct things. I saw a nice second-hand one in a window that might be altered very easily." But he was so mad by this time that he missed the quiet laugh that followed him downstairs. The more he thought about it, however, the more he felt convinced that he had the pneumonia. He stopped in a drug store downtown and the druggist said it was indigestion. medicine and lay down in his back office and took it all day. He felt worse. He stopped at his doctor's on the way has not made you less brave as a soldier." home and was examined for pneumonia. After being thumped and sounded for

half an hour he was told by the doctor

a cold, went home and lying down Digler—I courted my wife three years before I got her, and if was nearly all wasted time. Bigler—Why, isn't she a "I knew I'd cure you," said his wife.

Tommy "I knew I'd cure you," said his wife. Australia stands first among the woolproducing countries of the world. The yield last year was 550,000,000 pounds.

Highest of all in Leavening Power .- Latest U.S. Gov't Report

A Viceroy's Trick.

WHOLE No. 1377

Oriental rulers, even those who have reat qualities, are in many respects like children. A striking instance is found in a story which M. de Lesseps used to be fond of relating about his friend the viceroy of Egypt. The viceroy had taken a great fancy to the big and happy Frenchman. He loaded him with attentions and gifts and finally proposed to go with him to visit the Suez canal, on which M. de Lesseps was then engaged.

Before starting, the viceroy made M. de Lesseps a present of a beautiful Sevres dinner service, exactly like one that he himself carried. At the end of a few days' travel across the desert several pieces of the viceroy's service were broken and others were chipped, while the Frenchman's set was quite intact. "How in the world do you manage to preserve all your cups?" asked his high-

M. de Lesseps put on a proud air. "It is easy enough," he said. "I take care of them myself. Nobody else touches them."

The two men were about setting out for another day's march when the vice-

"Lesseps, they tell me that the drom-edary that carries your baggage is pretty well knocked up. I have given orders to have a stronger one provided." True enough, a superb animal of majestic height was brought and on it was cluding the precious service. But alas! the dromedary was a wild beast and no sooner felt the load on his back than he began to kick and run. Off tumbled his load and cups, saucers and sugarbowls lay broken on the ground.

The Frenchman was almost ready to

office," said the Governor. I'll look at my mail, and show you round." So we weep, while the viceroy was doubled up Some years ago one of his fellow-pro-fessors undertook some experiments to ascertain the loss of weight in cases of starvation, using for the purpose a lot of rabbits. The subjects of the experi-ment were weighed every day, but to the experimenter's astonishment they cained flesh instead of losing. It was went with him through the heat and with laughter. "Nobody touches them but yourself, Lesseps?" he managed to "No matter! no matter! I will

No Use for a Bicycle.

"The bicycle," remarked the drummer for a big cycle works in Boston, "is a great institution and will supersede the dorse in many instances, but not in all. A case in point came under my notice recently. I was in Blue Grass Kentucky, where the roads are superb, and never be persuaded to wear one, and in in the course of my visits to agents I fact, dressed so shabily in spite of his miles from town and got to talking to him on the subject. He was rather If you have never patronized a five- progressive and conceded that the bient barber shop you have missed one cycle possessed many advantages over the horse. It saved feed, toil, care, not all be alike, but the one about to be | shoeing and a lot more things and was

"Well, there's only one thing that prevents me,' he said, with an apologetic grin; 'when a man comes to town on Saturday and starts home in the evening just corned up enough not to know his way his horse will take him back to If two customers are in the shop at the same time for a shave the wife lathers bicycle ain't made that can do that, one while the husband is shaving the and I'm a man that goes to town on Sat-

"Of course," concluded the drummer, "after that I had mighty little show for an argument."—Detroit Free Press.

He Sold It.

"Don't want soap nor pictures," said the hard-faced woman to the strange young man at the door.

"I'm not a peddler, madam," said the stranger. "My business is of an entirely different nature. Do you remember a weary, ragged and hungry tramp calling at your kitchen door about a week ago?" She didn't remember.

"Let me refresh your memory; you were dressed in an old morning wrap, tied at the waist with a string; your front hair was in pins and there was a dark smudge across your nose---"
She turned to slam the door but his

foot happened to be in the way.
"You had a rolling-pin in one hand and a kettle of hot water in the other, with which you threatened to scald the poor wayfarer.'

"Well, I didn't scald him, anyhow. You can't get any assault and battery

"Nothing of the sort was intended, ma'am. I merely wish to let you know that I was that supposed tramp. The bundle that I carried on that occasion was a lightning camera and I have already been offered 10s by a neighbor of yours for the picture of you I obtained, but if you want it for 7s 6d it is

He effected the sale. - Tit-Bits. The French President.

M. Casimir-Perier, the new president of the French republic, is now a popular hero. The fact that he walked at the

flashed upon the woman reporter that head of the funeral procession which followed M. Carnot's body to the grave, gentleman" whose advertisement was her "assignment." Otherwise, why should he be hanging about eyeing each an easy mark for any anarchist's bullet, proved his indomitable courage and endeared him to the hearts of a nation that delights in a dramatic display of

The Paris Temps recently related an anecdote of the new president's military career, which it declares to be authentic and which illustrates his sense

In 1870. M. Casimir-Perier commanded a company of gardes mobiles at the battle of Bagneux. During the heat of conflict he observed a young peasant whose face was familiar to him and who was distinguished among the other privates by his steady nerve and by the skill of his marksmanship. He recognized him at last as a villager from the

estate next to his own.

When the battle was over

oned the soldier before him. "Well done, my man," he said, "you shall have a medal for your courage. how is it that you handle a gun with such wonderful skill?"

The young soldier, who had just gaily

The young soldier, who had just gaily

The young soldier, who had just gaily You have well deserved it. But tell me, faced the cannon of the Prussians,

seemed abashed and unnerved. He stammered and could not answer. "Your skill is so rare that I am really curious to know how you have acquire it," continued the officer, kindly. "Eh bien, mon capitaine," the young man blurted out, "I must tell the truth. I learned by shooting the hares on you

M. Casimir-Perier was silent a mo-"The fact that you have been a poacher he said; "you shall have the medal and in future I will trust my bares to your

that his lungs were all right, for which he paid \$5. He got a prescription for have done it, monsieur," said the lad that his lungs were all right, for which Tommy—"What are you cryin' about, cry baby?" Jimmy—"Aw! You'd cry,

honor."

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